

### The Evening World.

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### POWERLESS? FACT:

The infant mortality in New York City is greater for July of this year than during either of the two previous years.

#### REASON:

"The consumption of milk in this city is 2,000,000 quarts per day, and 700,000 quarts of this total go to the homes of the city. The falling off of milk consumption this year was at least 71,000 quarts. This means persons have been doing without milk in homes where there is little money to buy life's necessities. The hotels naturally would continue to buy milk at any price.

"As a result of this 10 per cent. decrease in home consumption of milk, investigation shows, substitutes have been in use and mothers have given their children such things as tea, coffee and cambric tea. Consequently the infant death rate has gone up with a jump and the outlook is very discouraging."—Health Commissioner Copeland.

#### QUESTION:

Are the 5,500,000 people of this city and the 11,000,000 people of the State powerless to effect changes in the present methods of distributing milk which, without discouraging production or leaving less than a reasonable supply for by-products, would permit the bringing of adequate quantities of milk into the city at fair prices to the consumer?

Must present wasteful, costly, over-multiplied means of handling milk go on perennially interposing between producer and consumer an insurmountable barrier of middleman's profit?

With all its enlightenment, all its resources, all its power, must this great community confess the milk problem too much for it and sit supinely on while babies die?

### THE WASHINGTON RIOTS.

THE people of the United States have had riot and bloodshed enough in their own capital to distract them from pitying contemplation of disorder in the capitals of Europe.

These riots in Washington have been the uglier in that they have involved neither Reds nor Spartans, but Americans of a race that has just proved its loyalty on the battlefields of the great war and won high honors for itself in the service of the Nation.

The first duty in the District of Columbia is to restore order there. But the country misses the meaning of what has happened unless it realize more than ever the inconsistency of an America that preaches liberty and law abroad while at home it fails to give the colored man the same protection it gives the white man under the laws of the United States.

The Washington riots should prove sufficient to shake Americans out of any smug complacency and convince them that they may be creeping over them.

### WHERE IT BELONGS.

IN DECLARING the War-Time Prohibition Act constitutional, Federal Judge Chatfield, sitting in the United States District Court at New Haven, Conn., ruled:

"Discretion for the termination of this law has been vested in the President after certain fixed conditions shall have happened. Those conditions are within the power of Congress to describe and to define. It follows that the courts have no right to interfere with the exercise of this discretion by Congress or to attempt to say that different conditions shall have been imposed."

This is exactly where the President left the matter in his message to Congress of May 20 last. In that message he pointed out that demobilization (the condition which Congress had itself prescribed as the termination of War-Time Prohibition) had then "progressed to such a point that it seems entirely safe to remove the ban upon the manufacture and sales of wine and beer."

It was for Congress to use its discretion in further defining the conditions. Congress did not choose to do so. Therefore Congress and Congress alone is responsible for the present anomaly of War-Time Prohibition. The ruling of the Federal Court only fixes the blame yet more definitely where it belongs.

#### HOW DOES

#### THIS SQUARE WITH THIS?

"Who is profiteering?" Mr. John Slater, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions, New York State Retail Shoe Dealers' Association, was asked.

"The retail dealers, the wholesalers, the manufacturers and the tanners are positively not profiteering," Mr. Slater answered. "The retailers in normal times figured on 30 to 40 per cent. profit. Some, not many, whose risks are greater than others have been compelled to allow themselves at present a 50 per cent. margin for profit. The wholesalers, manufacturers and tanners are figuring on no higher per cent. of profit than they earned before the war. The increased cost of hides and increased wages to employees is the rock-bottom cause of high shoe prices."

"What will be the cost next fall of a pair of shoes which now costs the public \$12?" Mr. Slater was asked.

"Anywhere from \$16 to \$20, and the same ratio of increase will apply to all grades of footwear," was the answer.

Prosperity in the leather trade is indicated in the quarterly statement of the Central Leather Company, just made public.

In the three months ended June 30 the corporation had a net income from operations of \$5,798,582, after allowing for the payment of Federal taxes. This was an increase of \$2,125,911 over the corresponding quarter last year, or 57 per cent.

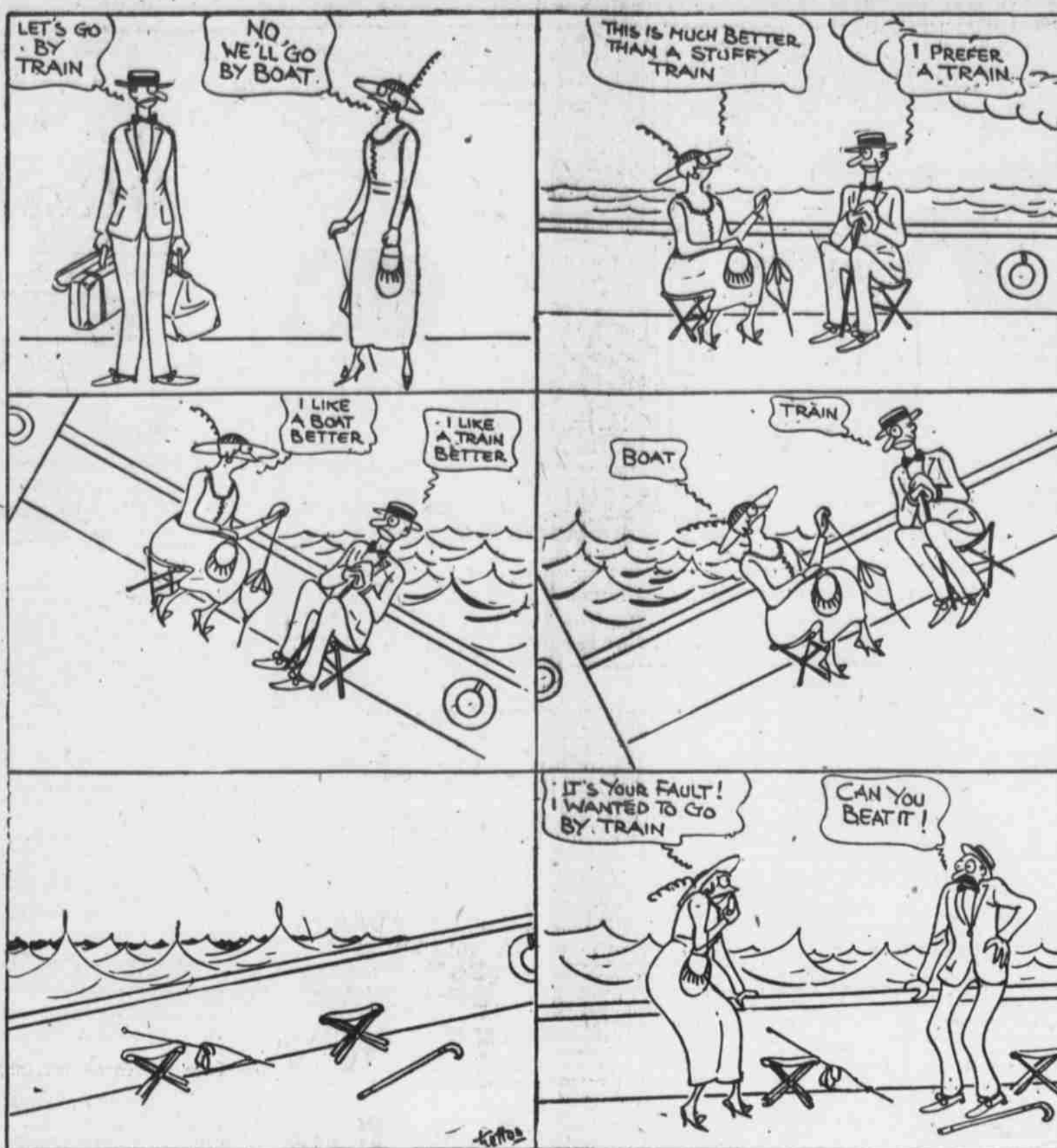
Outside income was \$243,668, and a balance of \$4,239,345 was left after interest had been paid on the funded debt. The part of this available for common stock dividends was equal to \$9.21 a share, compared with \$3.55 in the June quarter of 1918.

In the six months ended June 30, examination of the quarterly report shows, the net operating income was \$9,495,622, a gain of \$3,203,098, or 50 per cent. over the result in the initial half of last year.

The surplus for the six months was \$4,194,277 after paying dividends.

## Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Hark, in the Park Is the Lark! But Master Willie Jarr Has Confiscated All Else Animate.

"So we now pay for transfers and the car service is worse than ever!" growled Mr. Jarr as the trolley car stopped at the street corner to let them off.

It was not the street corner their car should have stopped at—that street corner was two blocks below, and the car had bowed past it despite every effort of the Jarr family to get the conductor and motorman to stop it at the proper place. All the good it had done Mr. Jarr when he threatened to report the matter was to be advised to keep his shirt on, as the system was in the hands of a receiver who received anything but complaints.

"Yes, that's the way it is these days!" sighed Mrs. Jarr wearily. "But I'm mighty glad to be even two blocks from home! Willie, carry that pasteboard box under your arm, for the bottom is about to fall out; and pick up the other things and let us get on to the sidewalk before an automobile or a wagon runs over us."

"My foot hurts!" sniffed Master Jarr. "Maw, can't I take my shoe off?" "No, you can't!" cried Mrs. Jarr. Your father would insist on your going barefoot in the park in spite of everything I could say, and you got that thorn in your foot and it will be a mercy if you don't get lockjaw or blood poisoning and be crippled for life!"

"Can't we stop at the drug store and get an ice cream soda?" asked the little girl. "An' can't we go see the movin' pictures? I ain't had no ice cream soda and seen no movin' picture for so long."

"You wait till we get home and you get washed and a clean dress put on you!" said Mrs. Jarr.

At these words the little girl began to cry and said her arms hurt her. "I know it's poison ivy you were picking in the park," declared Mrs. Jarr. "And when school starts you can't go because you're poisoned picking ivy and Willie lamed for life maybe with a thorn! Oh, who can't take a real vacation at some nice place, and not have to go to the park like poor people?"

Mr. Jarr was about to ask "What do you mean, like poor people?" but decided not to invite explanations. So he only groaned but otherwise was a silent martyr.

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## The Gay Life of a Commuter

By Rube Towner

Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise  
The F. O. B. Conductor and the Laus of the Medes and Persians.

THE rules of suburban railways seem to be based on the laws of the Medes and Persians—unchangeable, immutable and irrevocable.

Doc says they are also based solely on the interests and convenience of the railways, just as the other laws give the long end to the Medes and Persians.

One of the rules on the Paradise Line is that all passengers must show their tickets twice on the trip—once when the conductor comes to punch out the wrong number and once after leaving Midway, just to show that the passenger is not profiteering back.

The second call for tickets usually comes when the commuter is down in the middle of a newspaper column reading the declaration of a sagebrush Senator that he "will never lay down his arms—never! never! NEVER!" or when the homeward-bound commuter, who has tarried too long in a 2.75 anti-Anderson resort with the 97.25 stuff, has converted two seats into Lower 7 and turned in, giving a correct imitation of a prelate.

But whatever the commuter may be doing, when the second call is heard, "Show all tickets, please!" a wave of resentment sweeps over the car as strong as if a policeman had asked the passengers to step down to the Central Office and be "mugged."

"Faithful Old Bill is running the train this morning," said Doc, "so you might as well get your tickets ready. This 'You know me, Al,' stuff won't go with Old Bill. All trips on this line when he is conducting are 'personally conducted' by Bill himself; the first time around he says 'Good morning' to everybody, but the second time everybody is a perfect stranger. Rules are rules and he is here to enforce them—Article X, and the Shantung concession and the Monroe Doctrine and everything. Why, if Old Bill was transferred to an army transport he'd make President Wilson show his ticket a dozen times between here and Brest."

Whereupon Doc flashed a pink ticket he had bought for the midsummer event of the Paradise Kill-Kare Dancing Club and didn't use, and Old Bill ran up against the outpost of the commuters' Hindenburg line. The "enemy" was absorbed in deep thought and was looking out the window at nothing in particular. He paid no attention to "Show your ticket, please," until Old Bill had repeated it.

"What's that?" he asked irritably. "I said 'Show your ticket, please,'" politely but firmly.

"How long have you been running on this line?" asked the Prominent Person.

"Longer than you've been riding on it," said Old Bill pleasantly.

"As a matter of fact, Old Bill has been running on the Paradise Line almost since the time of President Adams, and has always been faithful to duty."

The Prominent Person's pride was touched. He had been riding on this line for months; certainly all the conductors ought to know him by this time and they ought also to know his station—both on the railroad and in private life. It did not occur to him that he was one of many neutral persons who might ride over the line for ten years and never attract the attention of the man in the next seat.

The train had stopped at a station and Old Bill waited patiently. The Prominent Person made a pretense of looking for his ticket; he took out a mass of letters; some papers that looked like legal documents, felt in all his pockets, looked in his cigarette case, and said:

"Go on; I'll find it later."

"Rules of the road," said Bill; "hurry up, please, you're holding the train."

This apparently was exactly what the Prominent Person was intending to do. Then Old Bill worked his diplomacy.

"Don't be foolish," said Bill; "everybody's laughing at you."

As a matter of fact, everybody was serious and irritated—but it worked.

He immediately produced the ticket from a convenient pocket, flashed it defiantly at Old Bill and stuck it in his hat. Then he glared at the other passengers only to be greeted by a shout of derisive laughter, and the train went on.

Thus were the laws of the Medes and Persians enforced and thus was faithful Old Bill vindicated.

## A Plea for the Shut-in

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Thrill of the Generous Impulse.

THE hot weather is upon us. He or she who can be running away from the heat and turmoil of the city to the cool woods and soothing streams.

It is good beyond all measure. This is the time when Mother Nature speaks her "various language." There is nothing so warm as the coziness of one's heart as the making ready in anticipation of the vacation period, off somewhere where one desires to go.

But, ah me, gentle reader, let me take you for a little while into a home in a very crowded section. There are only three rooms. They are spotlessly clean.

The tables and floors have been scrubbed almost to whiteness. Everywhere you look you can see the signs of rigid economy with which this little home has been ruled.

At the window looking out into the crowded back yard, filled with fire-escapes and clothes lines, sits a young man in a chair.

At once you realize it is an unusual chair. It has been made for a purpose. The young man knows well the purpose. We need not go into detail. His eyes are bright and keen with the spirit of youth.

He has a firm jaw that has marked big men—men of achievement. And he has achieved much. Over there, he has played his part, and he is paying the price—a part of the price that belongs to you and me.

An open book lies on his lap. But his mind is far from it, for he is gazing out over the clothes line and the shut-in men and women in our midst every minute, I wonder that we

don't you touch my frogs and things or I'll punch your snout!" But Mrs. Jarr had grabbed both the children, irrespective of their hurts and wounds, and was rushing them home, leaving Mr. Jarr to explain if he could.

But, as Mrs. Jarr says, when Uncle Henry dies and leaves them his money, she's going to move to a better neighborhood and cut even Mrs. Stryver.